England seemed very far away. Luella had visited it only twice in the whole of her life.

The first time she was very small and they went to Cornwall. She could remember an attractive house where her father had been born. He had returned home because his mother was seriously ill and they had stayed for nearly a month until to everybody's surprise the invalid recovered. She did not, in fact, die for another six years.

The second time Luella visited England was when her father went to receive the award of 'Book of the Year'. It was for the one he had written about Greece. Neither her father nor her mother wanted to keep in touch with their relations. They were in London for only a week and left immediately after the presentation had taken place.

After her father had been acclaimed, Luella had asked: "How does it feel to be famous, Papa?"

"It amused me to see my fellow authors grinding their teeth," her father replied, "but otherwise I am quite happy to remain in obscurity." That was the truth. Her father had never sought fame. Luella thought now that had he done so, her present predicament might not have been so serious.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" she asked and she started to pray. Her mother had always told her that every prayer, however small, was heard. Luella prayed even while she thought it unlikely she could be helped. She did not want to travel to England alone, nor to try to find her relatives, whose names she did not even know. She prayed for a long time.

At last, sitting back in an ancient carved pew, she



became aware that in the chapel on her left-hand side a wedding ceremony was taking place. The Cathedral was so large that she had not been aware of the bride and bridegroom passing up the aisle. Now she could see them standing before the priest. The altar behind him was decorated with flowers and six lighted candles. The bride, Luella thought, looked very attractive. She and her bridegroom both seemed very young.

There were no witnesses. Luella wondered if they were, in fact, making a run-away marriage as her mother and father had done. The ceremony took a long time because they received the Eucharist. Luella sat watching, and thought the young couple were very much in love. They behaved as if this was the most exciting and romantic moment of their lives.

There were two servers attending the priest. They wore short white surplices edged with beautifully made antique lace. They seemed to blend in with the flowers, the candles and the scent of incense. It all made for Luella a picture of beauty and she watched the wedding until it ended.

After the blessing the bride and bridegroom went to the side of the chapel to sign the register. The bride threw back her veil. Having signed the book she returned to the centre of the chapel and Luella could see her face clearly. Italian, with dark hair and large sparkling dark eyes, she was very pretty. Her bridegroom was also Italian, taller than usual and handsome.

"I hope they will be happy," Luella thought. She wondered what difficulties and problems lay ahead of